

Beholder's Eye by NeroAnne

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Summary:

The boys observe one another during moments of intense intimacy.
Basically just PORN, ya'll. Come on in.

Beholder's Eye

“God, babe,” Steve hissed, his eyes shut tight. His navy blue jersey was bunched up around his sternum, his lower abdominals clenching and relaxing as he basked in his gorgeous pleasure. His fists were clenched tightly in the maroon bed-sheets and Jonathan smiled as he remembered their earlier conversation about the color.

“I bought them for us.”

“Did you? Why red?”

“Because, Jonathan...you look amazing in red.”

Amazing didn’t even describe how Steve looked at the moment. With his hair pinned back and away from his forehead with an onyx colored headband and his mouth dropped open as his loud grunts filled the room...

Steve Harrington was absolutely *mesmerizing*.

In anything he did, he captured eyes, and even more impressive, dozens of hearts. Whether it be playing a sport-*any* sport, - dancing during a party, driving around Hawkins with his window rolled down singing along to his god awful choice of music, or simply spending time laughing and goofing off with the pack of fourteen year olds he fondly called his “kids”, Steve Harrington never failed to draw attention.

And how could he not?

His hair, a gorgeous dark brown that was always styled to perfection with the help of too much damn hairspray, was fantastic. When damp, the strands fell down to nearly cover his eyes and they always felt like silk. Even when drenched with product, the softness of the locks was undeniable.

His eyes were always intense.

When he argued or fought with anyone (but mostly Hargrove), there was the most intense *anger* in his eyes and a snarl on his lips. When

he was playing baseball, his eyes were always intensely *focused*, his forearms tight and veined with exertion as he swung his bat for a home run.

When he would hang out with his kids, his eyes would shine with intense *elation* as he would toss his head back, laughing loudly as he watched Maxine easily beat Dustin in an arm-wrestling match or Lucas best Mike in a foot-race.

Intensity was a beautiful look on Steve Harrington. And the time when he was the most intense was when he was experiencing pleasure. The funny thing about it was that this was the only instance in which the intensity of Steve's eyes was sometimes hard to see.

Jonathan's lips twitched. He kissed Steve's abdomen, his lips ghosting over the sensitive skin just above the thick patch of wiry curls framing his gorgeous cock. It wasn't enough that Steve had to be blessed with attractive looks, adorable quirks and athletic ability. He just *had* to have a fantastic cock to boot it.

Jonathan moved his hand away from the thick length, ignoring Steve's low whine for the moment. He gazed at the throbbing erection, eyes tracing over the wide girth and the fat vein running down the base. It was standing straight up, pulsing every now and again with the need to cum.

The head dripped with precum and Jonathan moved his thumb over the slit, catching a drop of it. "Steve," he whispered, waiting until he could see those eyes.

Intense *desire* reflected in those brown eyes and Jonathan's breathe caught. Slowly, he brought his thumb to his mouth, closing his lips over the pad of his thumb where the little droplet had settled.

Steve's cock bounced and with it, a low groan fell from his lips. "Jonathan," he said, voice low and husky, "No more teasing, darlin', *please*."

Jonathan nodded, keeping his eyes on Steve's. He pulled his thumb away from his mouth and then dragged his tongue over his palm. Wrapping his hand around Steve's cock once more, he sat up onto his

knees, pulling Steve's pants down a bit lower so that he could settle in between his spread thighs, and began to move his hand up and down slowly.

Steve's hips rose to thrust and his eyes slipped closed again, soft pants filling the air. He moved one hand over to Jonathan's unoccupied wrist and he closed his fingers around it. Jonathan moved it, catching Steve's palm and linking their fingers together.

Moving his head down, Jonathan nuzzled at Steve's testicles before he opened his mouth, sucking on the skin lightly as he moved his hand at an even pace. He heard Steve's loud exhale and he opened his mouth, sucking on the smooth skin wetly.

"*Fuck*," Steve groaned, "Faster, baby, please." His hips were starting to lose their rhythm as he began to writhe faster. Jonathan could feel the soft skin of his balls tightening in his mouth and he moved his hand faster.

He raised his head, licking his lips. Steve's taste was something he had long ago realized he favored. When he came, he came hard. Thick lengths of it that fell like a water-fall down his throat. So much that he had trouble swallowing it all, but the *taste*. It was odd to describe in poetic detail, but the taste of Steve's cum was something so wonderful that Jonathan longed for it.

He wanted it.

Jonathan ducked his head as he moved his hand faster, his tongue touching at the sticky cock-head. He lapped and suckled, moaning himself as more of Steve's taste coated his tongue. He sucked eagerly, his eyes falling closed as Steve's cries began to get louder.

It truly was a good thing that Steve's parents were gone again and that he had no near-by neighbors. Otherwise those sounds would be interesting to explain.

Pulling his mouth away, Jonathan tightened his grip and began to jerk his boyfriend faster, the sound of wet skin and loud groans echoing in his ears. "Give me what I want, Steve," he murmured, knowing it would drive Steve over the edge, "I want to *taste* it."

Steve's breathing choked off and he arched his hips, a throaty growl slipping from his lips as his balls tightened. It only took a few more pulls before he was shooting his spunk high. The strings of it were coating his stomach heavily. Steve always came so much and so hard.

It was both beautiful and thrilling.

Jonathan slowed his hand, gently rolling his thumb over the sensitive skin. He lowered his head, licking at the white strings that coated Steve's tummy. He licked his way up Steve's chest, climbing up and resting his knees on either side of the older boy's hips.

Slumped back against his headboard, Steve groaned weakly, his eyes blinking open. He wrapped his hands around Jonathan's hips, pulling him down so that the blonde was straddling his thighs. He hissed softly as the material of Jonathan's jeans rubbed against his softening cock.

Jonathan fisted his hand over the hair at the nape of his boyfriend's neck, staring down into his eyes. He adored that glazed over look Steve had after an orgasm. His dark eyes stared back up at him and Jonathan lowered his head.

Their mouths fused slowly and Jonathan parted his lips, tongue gently pressing against Steve's bottom lip in permission. Immediately, Steve's own lips opened and their tongues began its familiar dance.

Already, Jonathan could feel the way Steve's lips began to tilt upwards and rush of adoration spread over his body.

Steve *always* smiled when they kissed.

Breaking the kiss with a small suck to Steve's lower lip, Jonathan raised his head, smiling lightly as Steve gazed back at him.

"You're beautiful, Jonathan Byers," Steve whispered and Jonathan couldn't help but chuckle, even as his cheeks reddened.

"Idiot," he said fondly, ducking his head and hiding into Steve's neck.

"Beautiful" didn't even begin to describe Steve Harrington.

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"S-Steve-" Jonathan's hips bucked and he gasped loudly, his fingers squeezing Steve's biceps, "Ah!"

If Steve could focus on anything other than his cock pushing past the tight ring of Jonathan's tiny hole, he would have tried using his facial muscles to pull a smile. He slowed, eyes looking up to watch the unhindered expression of pleasure on Jonathan's face.

Jonathan Byers was *enchanting*.

It was becoming a damn distraction, really. Jonathan's gorgeous features were rare and more people were starting to notice and take an interest, which was really starting to piss him off. But who could blame the people, really?

One look at the beautiful boy and it was clear as day why anyone would try and catch his eye. His face had the strangest yet lovely lines. He walked around with a guarded expression, not wanting to attract anyone's attention but unknowingly drawing it anyway. He didn't try to make himself look special but he didn't need to.

The blonde hair with the fringe that was forever falling into his eyes, to the point where he would flick it away from his vision with an irritated pout, the way his eyes were always so calm, even when he was upset. He had these incredibly dimples set in those razor-blade cheekbones that could be so prominent but they were really only seen the most when he smiled.

Few things made the guarded boy smile, but Steve knew all of them.

His family. Whenever Jonathan would sit with Will and El, that mask of indifference would fall and he would smile softly as they showed him their drawings or introduced him to a new game. His mother, and him watching her fall in love with Hopper brought out that smile also.

But it was *him* that brought it out the most.

Whenever he did something stupid just to make the younger boy laugh, when he would plan dates and show up to the Byers house

with a new paperback for Jonathan to read, or when he would reach out, settling his hand over the blonde's hip possessively. He would see that smile brush across his pretty lips.

When he would compliment Jonathan, that mask crack immediately. Those delicate cheekbones would dust with red and he would try to hide away before Steve could see the absolutely remarkable grin that would claim those lips. But he saw it every time.

And moments like right now.

Jonathan's kiss swollen mouth was opened, soft little sounds leaving that plush mouth. His eyes were opened but he was too dazed in pleasure to really see. His fingers were leaving bruises on his biceps but Steve didn't give a fuck.

Jonathan had his own set of bruises along his hips that he had made that matched anyway.

And damn, did those bruises stand out against that milky skin. Fuck, Jonathan had the most gorgeous pale skin. Steve loved to bite on it, sucking until the blood rushed to the surface, a bright bloom against the pale canvas.

Steve curled his fingers harder into Jonathan's hips and pushed again, sliding another inch deep into his beautiful boy. He watched, focusing intensely on the way Jonathan's body quivered, and he rolled his hips.

Jonathan's moans were high in pitch. It truly was astonishing just how vocal Jonathan was in bed seeing as he was usually so reserved and soft-spoken anywhere else. It was so damn sexy. To be the only one to truly know how loud Jonathan could be.

"S-so good," Jonathan whimpered, his nails scratching down Steve's forearms. Steve grit his teeth, enjoying the sting, and his cock pulsed inside of that tight heat as Jonathan begged for more. "Please, more...please, Steve, fucking *ruin* me."

Jonathan was an enigma. He would blush to the damn roots of his hair if complimented but when he was in pleasure? Fuck, Jonathan

talked dirty. So damn dirty when he was out of it. Sometimes Steve wondered if he knew the way he sounded.

“More?” Steve murmured, ducking his head to kiss at Jonathan’s bare shoulder, “More of what, baby? What do you want me to give you?”

“All of it,” Jonathan whined, turning his head to catch Steve’s mouth, “I want all of it inside of me,” he breathed against Steve’s lips, “I want you to fuck me open hard on your fat cock.”

See there? That was just one of the many jaw-dropping things that no one knew about controlled and timid Jonathan Byers. He was also a screamer, which no one in the damn world would believe unless they heard it.

Unable to deny his beautiful boy anything, Steve pressed himself down onto Jonathan, his stomach pressing against Jonathan’s throbbing cock, as he bullied his wide base deep into that tight hole. He didn’t even hear the noise he made because Jonathan’s moan was all that filled his ears.

When he had first fucked into Jonathan, the boy had cried. Not excessively, but there had been a small trail of tears sliding down his cheeks. When Steve had pulled out, concerned, Jonathan had wound his legs tightly around his hips and pulled him back in.

“Babe, stop!” Steve tried pulling out but paused as Jonathan’s hands reached out, pulling down into an aggressive kiss. His lip was bit and Steve gasped at the sting, feeling Jonathan’s body slowly relax, allowing him to sink further into that tight heat.

“Keep going,” Jonathan had murmured, “Please don’t stop...I want you deep inside of me. I want you to tear me apart.”

It had been so raw and messy but they had fucked harder and better since then.

“Yes!” Jonathan moaned, his hands grasping Steve’s shoulders, “God, yes, fuck me, Steve.”

He pushed hard into that slender body, his balls tightening as they slapped over and over into the smooth skin of Jonathan’s ass. The

heat surrounding him was always so surprising in the best way. Jonathan's walls were so tight, so fucking perfect for him to just carve into, leaving him permanently *marked* inside.

"I'm going to cum so hard inside of you," Steve said, voice tight. Sweat trailed down his lower back as he fucked hard into his boy, "I'm going to fucking flood you, beautiful," he promised, listening to Jonathan's choked cries, "You're going to be so full of me and you'll *remember* it."

"Please, please, please," Jonathan panted. His hands moved up, grabbing at his hair and Steve went, growling against those keening lips, "God, *Steve!*"

He sat up, grabbing Jonathan's legs. He slipped those knees over his shoulders and began a brutal thrust into his boy, knowing just where to angle his hips so as to batter at the blonde's prostate. And he hit his mark each time judging by the way Jonathan's mouth was opened yet all that left him were breathless gasps.

There was this incredible thing that Jonathan did when he was on the verge of falling apart. His noises would suddenly stop and his eyes would focus on nothing but Steve's. He would stare at him so intensely that it sometimes scared him, because Jonathan's face would be completely washed in bliss.

His lips were parted but he would be completely silent. And then...a few brutal thrusts later...

"**Steve!**" his slender body jerked and thrashed and he came, completely untouched. He shuddered, his cum landing in warm spurts over the dark patch of hair on Steve's abdomen and he *clenched* around his cock.

Steve grit his teeth, watching Jonathan's pale thighs quiver, and then he reached his own ending. He kept his promise; shooting like nine shoe-laces deep into his boyfriend's shaking body. He doubled over with the force, panting hard into Jonathan's neck.

After a beat, Steve lifted his head. He stared down at Jonathan, who still shaking with the force of his orgasm. Slipping out of that

beautiful body slowly, Steve sat up, spreading Jonathan's knees. He waited, watching his spunk slowly trickle out of that red and used hole.

"Stop that," Jonathan whispered and Steve smirked, looking back up at Jonathan. That blush was there, alright. Decorating those pale cheeks. "It's so embarrassing."

"It's fucking sexy," Steve countered, "I love watching my cum slide out of your sweet little hole." He chuckled as Jonathan's knees snapped closed. He moved up, kissing that embarrassed pout away.

"I love you, Steve." Jonathan said, soft and sincere.

Steve didn't hesitate. "I love you, too. You're beautiful, Jonathan." And the familiar words triggered that smile.

The one only meant for him.

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Author's Note:

Haha, I am going to be so dry come Stonathanweek.